

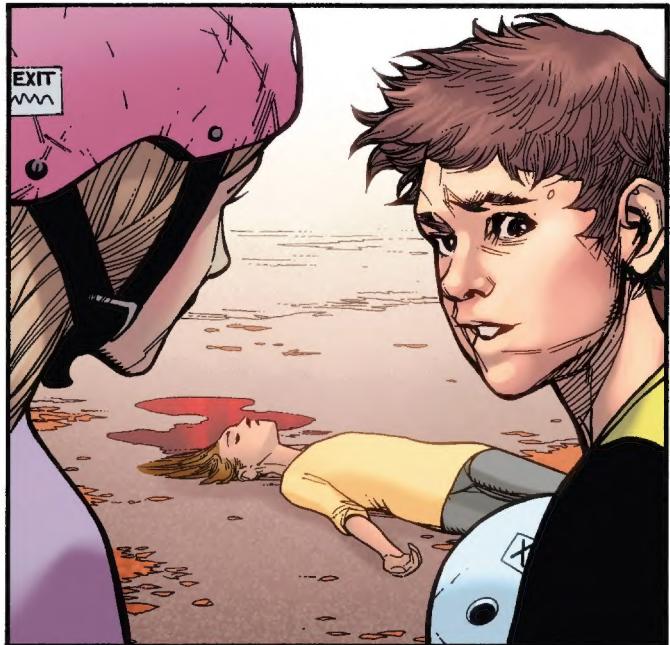
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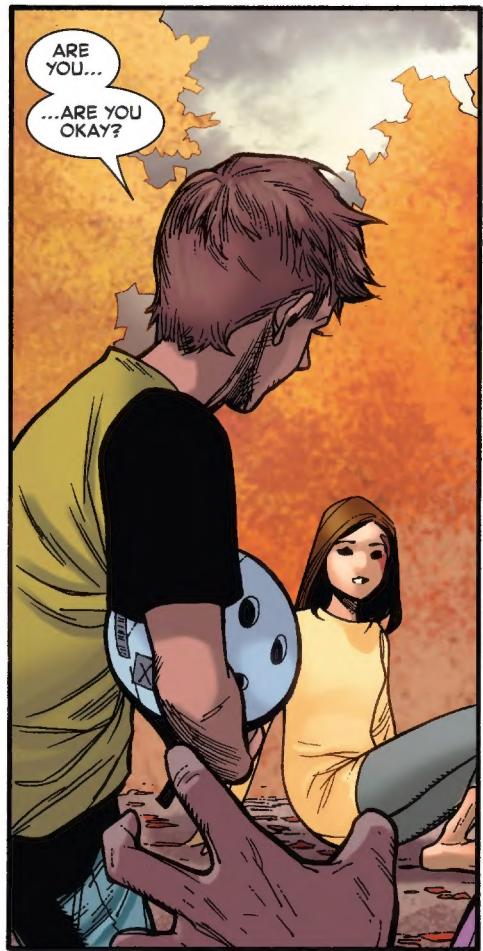
ROSENBERG
YU
ALANGUILAN
ROSENBERG

PHOENIX RESURRECTION™



ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.





WHAT'S...
...WHAT'S
GOING ON?!

WHERE
DID THE
OTHER GIRL
GO?!



READY?

PLEASE
STOP...

WAIT...!

**WATCH
OUT!!!**

CATCH!

WE
GOTTA
GO!

LISA,
RUN!



TWO HOURS LATER.







HE MAY
BE A TRUE
MORON, BUT
BARNEY FIFE
OVER HERE
IS RIGHT.

THIS DOES
QUALIFY AS
WEIRDNESS.

MARVEL COMICS
proudly presents...

PHOENIX RESURRECTION

CHAPTER ONE: FRUSTRATE THE SUN

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XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR MUTANT EDUCATION AND OUTREACH.



WE'RE GOING TO GO BACK A LITTLE BIT FIRST. AS I'M SURE YOU ALL KNOW, WE USE CEREBRO TO LOCATE AND ISOLATE ENERGY AND BRAINWAVE ACTIVITY UNIQUE TO PEOPLE WITH THE X-GENE... MUTANTS.

THIS MORNING...WELL... CEREBRO PICKED UP SOMETHING ELSE.



KITTY'S TEAM RESPONDED AND WAS ON SCENE AT APPROXIMATELY TEN A.M., WHERE THEY WERE MET WITH THE FOLLOWING--

TWO CHILDREN-- CATATONIC, FLOATING APPROXIMATELY 1.6 METERS ABOVE THE GROUND, BOTH BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM THE HEAD BUT SHOWING NO WOUNDS. CURIOUS.

EQUALLY CURIOUS--NEITHER CHILD TESTED POSITIVE FOR THE X-GENE.

BOTH CHILDREN ARE NOW RECOVERING AT THEIR LOCAL HOSPITAL WITH NO MEMORY OF THE INCIDENT. THEIR PARENTS, AND THE TOWN, ARE UNDERSTANDABLY TRAUMATIZED, BUT THE CRISIS HAS ABATED.



THE CAUSE OF THIS EVENT COULD NOT BE DETERMINED BY OUR TEAM.



THAT'S IT? WE'RE ALL HERE FOR A COUPLE OF FLOATING KIDS?



USING THE DATA PULLED FROM CEREBRO ON THIS MORNING'S INCIDENT, I MANAGED TO CREATE AN ENERGY PROFILE. WE COULD SEARCH FOR, COMBINING SOME SOLAR RADIATION MAPPING WITH CEREBRO'S LATENT PSYCHO-THERMAL TRACKING--

CUT TO THE CHASE.

WE FOUND UNUSUAL ENERGY PHENOMENA IN THREE LOCATIONS.

THE HEART OF MIDTOWN, 66TH STREET AND 5TH AVENUE IN MANHATTAN.

MONT SAINT FRANCIS MONASTERY, THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

AND THE TOP OF THE WORLD. THE NORTH POLE.



I SEE YOUR CONCERN, FOLKS...WE'RE HERE TO REVIEW FACTS AND FORMULATE PLANS.

YOU WANT TO GOSSIP AND SPECULATE, YOU DO THAT ON YOUR OWN TIME.



THANK YOU FOR ALL THE SCIENCE FACTS AND PRETTY MAPS, KITTY, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TELLING US.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?



BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT. I'M SELECTING **THREE** TEAMS TO HEAD OUT. IF I DON'T PICK YOU, I TRUST IN YOUR DISCRETION WITH THIS INFORMATION. WE DON'T WANT TO CREATE ANY CONCERN YET.

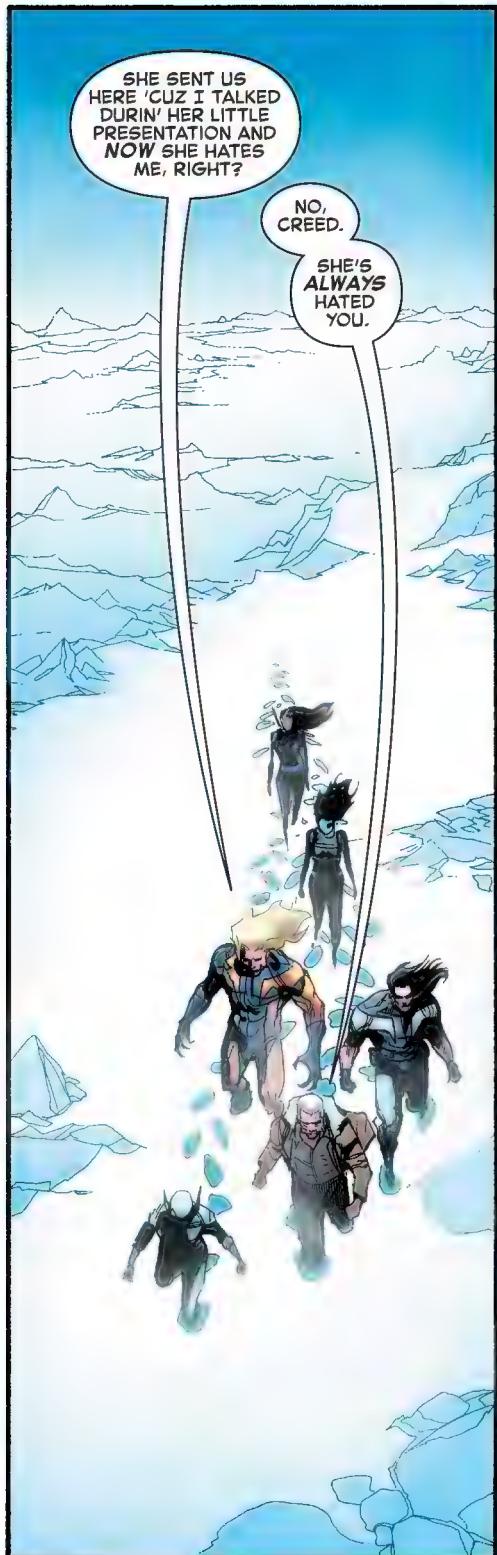
AND IF I PICK YOU, GRAB YOUR GEAR...



























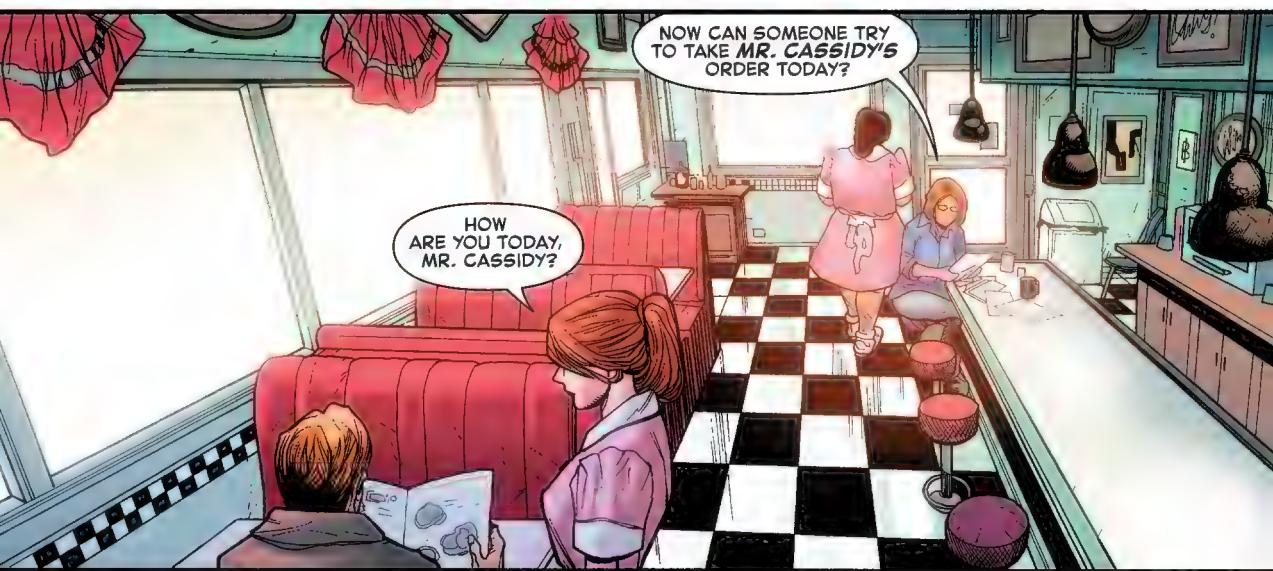
ELSEWHERE.

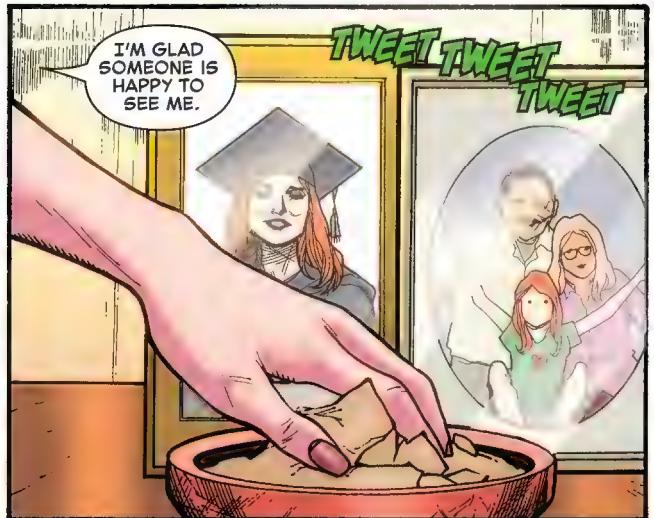
WELL,
FUDGE.

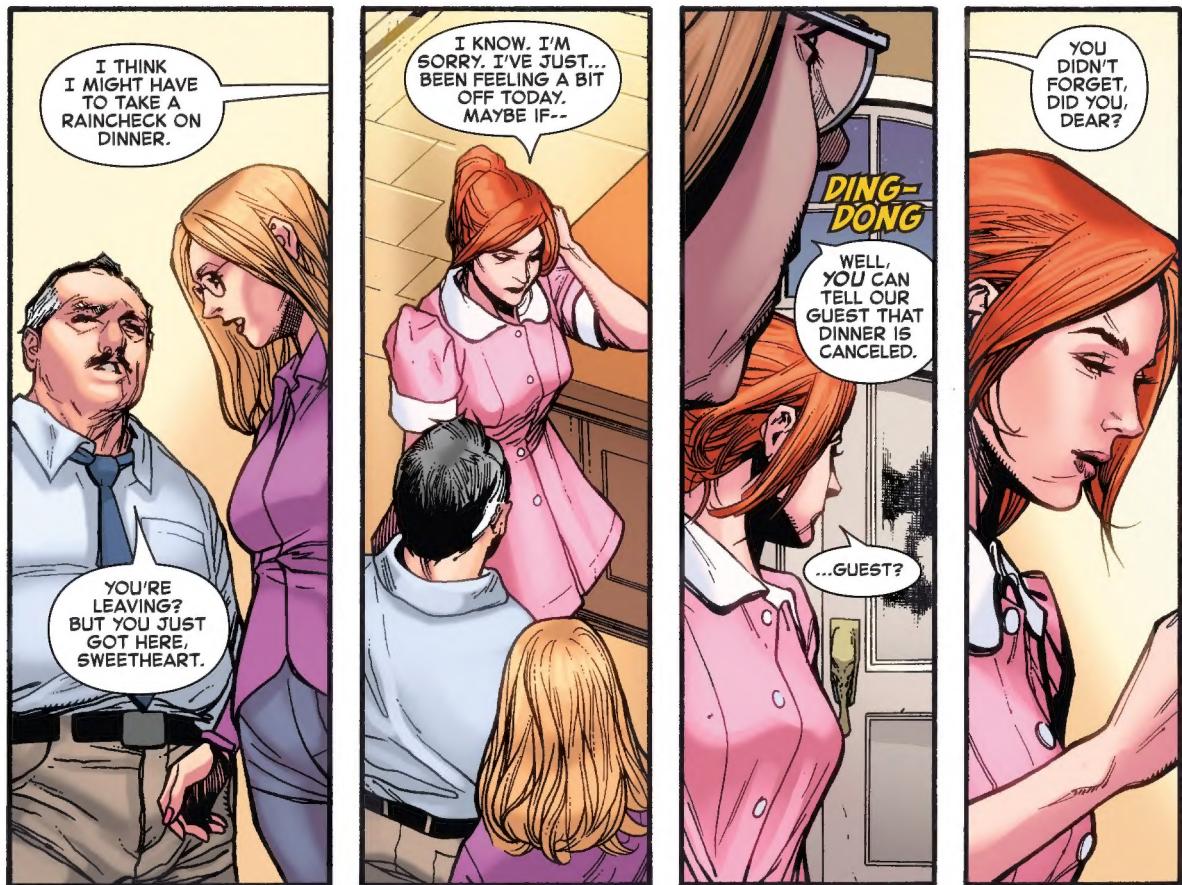
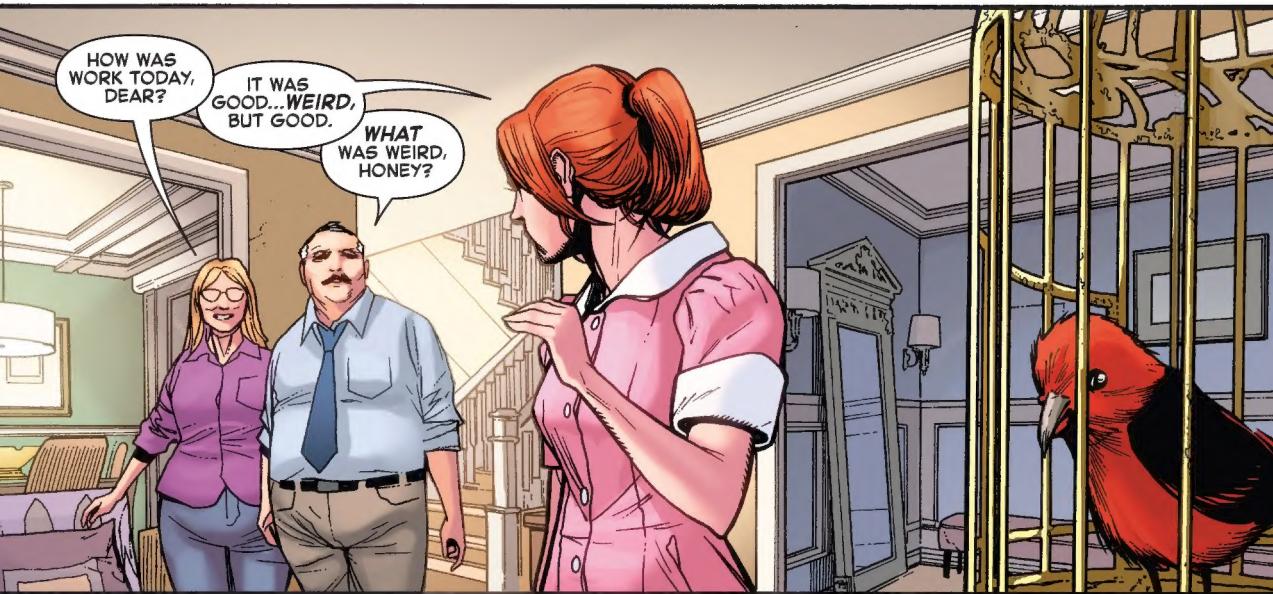












SCOTT?

HELLO,
SWEETHEART.
MISS ME?

TO BE CONTINUED...

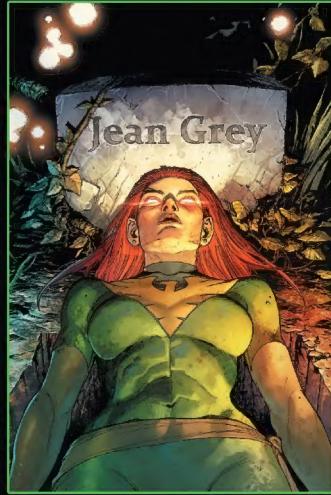
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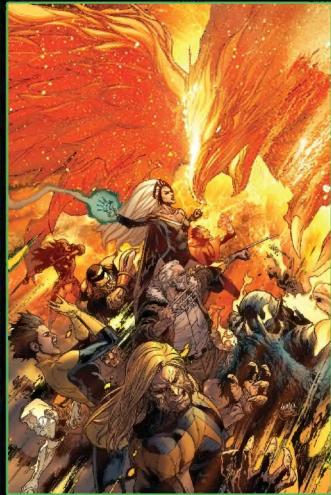
PHOENIX RESURRECTION #2 NEXT WEEK



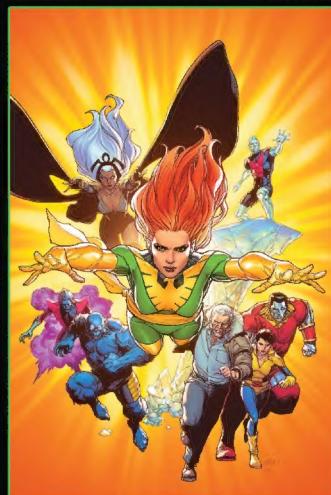
PHOENIX RESURRECTION #3
IN TWO WEEKS



PHOENIX RESURRECTION #4
IN THREE WEEKS



PHOENIX RESURRECTION #5
IN FOUR WEEKS



PHOENIX RESURRECTION

AFTERWORD

I never got to properly mourn Jean Grey. When I first met her I was a little kid, barely old enough to read, definitely not old enough to comprehend. I'd go into my brother's closet and steal his comics while he was out. I'd pore over the pictures, trying to make sense of them without bothering to read the dialogue or captions. It was the "Dark Phoenix Saga," but all I could really tell was there was an angry red-haired lady and she was powerful, terrifying and important. And then she was gone.

But my fascination with Jean never faded. As I got older I went back. I met Jean as a young girl unsure about her powers. I watched her become a valuable member of my favorite super hero team. I watched her become the most powerful member. I watched her become a god. And I watched her die again. But at that point I knew it wasn't really her. Or maybe it was. She was just a copy. Then she came back in disguise. She came back as a clone, too. And then she just came back. She became a mentor and a leader. She became a friend and a sister. She became a wife and a love that could never be. And then she died again. Or maybe it was the first time. And I had grown so used to Jean being there, being in danger, and coming out the other

side, that I didn't believe it. I wasn't sure what the rules of a White Hot Room were, but I was sure I'd see her again in a few weeks or months at the most. And she did come back, for a second. And then nothing. She was really gone. For over a decade.

And because I was so lost in the comics, so buried in the stories, I couldn't see the bigger picture. I didn't realize that Jean Grey was really dead. I never said my goodbyes. In those years without Jean, there are great X-Men stories--some of my favorites. But something just felt off for me. An unease. It's hard to put your finger on. It's blurry and out of focus. I think the X-Men felt it, too. Jean was the center of the X-Universe, the glue that held it all together. Jean is at the heart of everything that matters about the X-Men. She is the relatable, the lovable, the cool, the awkward, the powerful, the terrifying, the calm, the fury, the brave, the dramatic and the tragic. The X-Men have gone on without her, but nothing has ever been quite the same. And that brings us to the here and now.

Befitting the Phoenix, this book is both a eulogy and a birth announcement. When I told the editors at Marvel what I wanted to

do, I said the most important thing was to honor what came before and set the stage for what will come next. So that's what you hold in your hand--reflections on the life and death of Jean Grey. Who she was as a woman, a friend, a wife, a sister, a mother, a teammate and a hero. This story is supposed to be epic and earthshaking, befitting the goddess. But it's also supposed to be personal and intimate, befitting the woman. And as we tell this story about who Jean Grey was and what she meant, there emerges a picture of who she can be again. I know it's still blurry and unclear for you right now. It is for me, too. But that feeling, that tension lifting, that sense that something big is happening? That's Jean Grey coming back. And though I never got the chance to say a proper goodbye, I am going to do my best to give her the "hello" she deserves.

And I hope you'll join me when I say, "Welcome back, Jean. We missed you."

Matthew Rosenberg.
New York City.

